

WORD OF THE LORD

The Rev. Talmage Preaches
a Sermon

IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

Showing the Necessity for Bright and
Pious Lives in This World of Care
and Sorrow

BROOKLYN, June 19.—Rev. Dr. Talmage is now on the Atlantic, having sailed from New York on the 15th inst. for Liverpool, for a preaching tour in England, Scotland, Ireland and Sweden. Before visiting Sweden Dr. Talmage will go to Russia, there to witness the reception and disposition of the cargo of breadstuffs on board the Christian Herald relief steamer Loo, which sailed last week for St. Petersburg. Previous to his departure he dictated to his stenographer the following farewell sermon, to be read by the pastor and widely scattered audience, whom it is his weekly privilege to address through the medium of the newspaper press. He took his text from II Timothy iv, 6, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Departure! That is a word used only twice in all the Bible. But it is a word often used in the parlance and means the desertion of one course of pleading for another. It is used in navigation to denote the distance between two meridians passing through the extremities of a course. It is a word I have recently heard applied to my departure from America to Europe for a preaching tour to last until September. In a smaller and less significant sense than that implied in the text I can say, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Through the printing press I address this sermon to my readers all the world over, and when they read it I will be saddened, and unless something new happens in my marine experiences I will be in no condition to preach. But how unimportant the word departure when applied to exchange of continents as when Paul wrote, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Now departure implies a starting place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world, what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison, Rome, Italy. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence.

I was in that lower dungeon in November, 1890. It is made of volcanic stone. I measured it, and from wall to wall it was fifteen feet. The highest of the roof was seven feet from the floor and the lowest of the roof five feet from the floor. The opening in the roof through which Paul was let down was three feet wide. The dungeon has a seat of rock two and a half feet high and a shelf of rock four feet high. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him now, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Trajan and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

THE DUNGEON OF ST. PAUL.
If some skillful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place he is an old man, only two years short of seventy. At that very time when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight, and the fresh air he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were got when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes—one hundred and ninety-five blows on the back (count them) made by the Jews with rods of elmwood, each one of the one hundred and ninety-five strokes bringing the blood.

Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling where amid the red-clad soldiers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tangle with highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tools he made were as good as his sermons.

There is a weakness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was for twenty-four hours on a plank in the Mediterranean sea, suffering terribly, before he was rescued, for he says positively, "I was a night and a day in the deep." Oh, worn out, emaciated old man, surely you must be melancholy; no constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I guess you saw through the eyes of the soldiers who shot at where he lay, and by the faint light that streams through the opening in the sky on his face a supernatural glow, and I bow before him, and I say, "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amid all this gloom?" His voice started the darkness of the place as he cried out, "Remember ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

Hard! What is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation in a banquet, and he is going to dine today with the king. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon: "Hurry up, old man. Come now; get your-self ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up, and straightening out his limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his forehead, and so him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioners, and hear him say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They start with him to the place of execution.

man, or you will feel the weight of our spear. Hurry along. "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles," three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with maltreatment. But they soon got to the place of execution—Atrium Salvia—and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance.

O Paul! why not now strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunderbolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioners, and as the grim official draws the sword, Paul only says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I lift my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the king.

A GLORIOUS TRANSITION.
What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the sword, from the sharp sword of the executioner, he goes into the most brilliant company of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainted rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome, for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great in heaven.

He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death, and up to the last moment, he was under Nero, the thick necked, the cruel eyed, the filthy lipped, the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us this very day the horrible possibilities of his nature—seated as he was amid pictured memories of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother-of-pearl, in a dining room which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence, his horses standing in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by his victims, who had been bedaubed with tar and pitch and then set on fire to illumine the darkness. That was Paul's king.

But the next moment he goes into the realm of him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose scepter is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful vocabulary of the text, "The time of my departure is at hand?"

Now, why cannot all the old people have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I, when he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhilaration. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and may not we as well? They got through with it and so can we.

Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at the last moment—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say, "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more with stories of the good things ahead, better not talk about uncertainties.

THE GLORIOUS COMPANY.
But you say, "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old, you have more friends in heaven than here. Just take the census. Take some large sheet of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions of your school days, your early business associates, the friends of middle life, and those who more recently went away. Can be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them and you do not want their society? Oh, no. There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble, even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not give you resurrection power.

Before tomorrow morning you would be rattling at the gates of the cemetery crying to the departed: "Come back to the cradle where you slept! Come back to the hall where you used to play! Come back to the table where you used to sit!" and there would be a great hurly-burly in heaven. No, no. God will not bring you with resurrection power; but he compromises the matter and says, "You cannot bring them where you are, but you can go where they are." They are more lovely now than ever. Were they beautiful here, they are more beautiful there.

Besides that, it is more healthy there for you than here, aged man; better climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing, better eyesight, more tonic in the air, more perfume in the bloom, more sweetness in the song. Do you not feel, aged man, sometimes as though you would like to forget your arm and foot free? Do you not feel as though you would like to throw away spectacles and crutches and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and elasticity and youth of a young man? When the point at which you start from this world is old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation and say, in perfect rapture of soul, "The time of my departure is at hand."

THAT WONDERFUL WORLD.
I remark again, all those ought to feel this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of heaven, and he says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is like looking through a broken telescope.

about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in that blessed country?

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself, but not now. No well man, no prosperous man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold—and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession, and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know, after the body is resurrected, what they wear and what they eat, and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is and where it is.

Columbus risked his life to find this continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vast and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with alpenstock and guides and rockets and ropes, and getting half way up stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps when in that ascent there is no peril?

A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy, "Now in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Jonathan Edwards or St. Paul himself before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious expectation.

WE SHALL SEE EYE TO EYE.
It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany and zoology and astronomy and theology.

Oh, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity, crying, "The time of my departure is at hand?"

I remark again, we ought to have the joy of the text, because, leaving this world, we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street and you say: "Who is passing there? What general what prince is going up there?" Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say: "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the center of that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all ages.

Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? I think the first question will be, "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sin, that carried my sorrows, that fought my battles, that won my victories?" Oh, radiant one! how I would like to see thee! thou of the manger, but without its humiliations; thou of the cross, but without its pangs; thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

LIVE WITH JESUS.
The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now, what will you ask him first? I do not know. I can think what I would ask Paul first if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were two hundred and seventy-five souls on the vessel, Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I never shall get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first.

But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear him speak? Now I think what I shall first want to hear the tragedy of his last hours, and then Luke's account of the crucifixion, and Mark's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devil that arose, and the fact that upon his endurance depended the rescue of a race; and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to his ear more faintly, and his hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and his feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of a cross, and his head fell forward in a swoon, and he uttered the last word and cried, "It is finished!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, and every lip closed, and all eyes fixed on the divine narrator until the story is done, and then, at the top of the baton, the eternal orchestra will raise up, finger on string of harp, and lip to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

What he uttered, oh, who can tell. To see our souls from death and hell. When there was between Paul and that magnificent Personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? Oh, my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over me! Hark! I hear the wailing bells of heaven.

The Lamb has come, and the bride hath made herself ready. And now for a little while goodbye. I have no morbid feelings about the future. But if anything should happen that we never meet again in this world, let us meet where there are no partings. Our friendships have been delightful on earth, but they will be more delightful in heaven. And now I commend you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to build up and give us an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

TWO NOTED DWARFS.

Distinguished European Celebrities of Centuries Ago.

The English dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, was, doubtless, the most widely known of any human curiosity of either ancient or modern times. Lucius Zarathe alone excepted. Born of parents of the normal size in Rutlandshire in 1618, at birth his height did not exceed five inches. He did not grow to walk until after the end of his third year, his height at that time being eight and three-fourths inches. When seven years of age he was taken into the family of the duke of Buckingham, having between the age of three and seven added but four inches to his stature. At the age of thirty he was only eighteen inches tall when fully equipped with his high-heeled shoes, which were then so fashionable. Now comes the most remarkable part of the story. At the age of thirty-one, a time when most human beings are supposed to have fully matured, he suddenly began to grow at a surprising rate, his growth being so rapid that in the short space of four years he shot up to the height of three feet nine inches, a clear gain of six and three-fourths inches for each year. How or why this remarkable change was brought about was a problem which the Royal Society of Surgeons was never able to solve. Hudson lived to be sixty-eight years old.

Joseph Bornwalski was another of the old-time dwarfs of distinction. He was born in 1789 near Chalex, Polish Russia. He was one inch less in height than Hudson was and weighed but eleven ounces. On his twenty-first birthday he was two feet two inches in height and very robust. He went to England and married a woman of the regulation size, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-eight years.

THE LITTLE TOE MUST GO.

Physicians Have at Last Decided that the Little Toe of the Human Foot Must Go, Says the New York Recorder, and that Civilization Tends Gradually to Crowd it out of Existence and to Depend more than ever for locomotion upon the great toe.

After a certain period in life it has been ascertained about nine-tenths of the little toes have been and two joints ankylosed. Even in childhood it is a poor, deformed appendage which does not seem to be of any earthly use to the owner. It may be pretty in the babies, but when the child begins to walk around the big toe grows out of proportion to the little toe. That the little toe is all that is needed for good walking and running is easily proved. The strength of the fast runner and football player is gradually increased along the line of the great toe, and many of them wear shoes that are so narrow that the little toe could be of no earthly use. The feet of civilized humans are thus gradually changing under the pressure of the modern shoe and if the little toe is destined to go the so-called tight shoes will not prove so great a disadvantage after all. They lessen the strength of the little toe, but they increase it along the line of the big one, which seems to be all that is necessary.

ALASKA FLOWERS.

Strange Sight to Be Seen in the Northern Mountains.

Travelers in Alaska, that region of ice and snow, where the highest peak in North America rises to an altitude of nineteen thousand feet from a glacier on the coast, will see strange flowers, and as big as all those of the Alps put together, tell us of still stranger sights than these.

Along the edge of the great glacier, all the way from Icy Bay to Yakutat bay, there extends a strip of green coast, which is covered with luxuriant vegetation. Strawberry vines cover the ground for miles, and the verdant fields are reddened as far as the eye can reach with luscious fruit, which compares favorably in point of size and flavor with the finest fruit grown in temperate latitudes. There are huckleberries, too, and "salmon berries," which are something between blackberries and raspberries, but of giant size, measuring nearly two inches in diameter. All the lowlands are carpeted with violets, butternuts, yellow monkey-flowers, and other wild blossoms. Here and there, in the midst of vast ice-fields, are the loveliest gardens watered by the melting snow.

A Royal Feast.

At a late banquet in the royal castle of Ludwigsburg in Wurtemberg a juicy roast of pork formed the piece de resistance, of which all the guests partook freely. The dish was not yet removed when an attendant handed to the king on a silver platter an official document which was nothing less than the result of the examination, who stated that he had found a bit of pork submitted to him full of trichinae, all alive and kicking. There was a universal outcry of dismay. Everybody grew violently sick, and the assembly, just now all magnificence and politeness, was in an instant transformed into a sort of hospital ward, each man and woman vomiting or trying to vomit in order to get rid of the nauseating pork. Those who failed to relieve their stomachs had the doctors apply their stomach pumps. But the poor cook, who had been careful to dress, roast and serve the pig before the examination, the court had sent in his O.K. was dismissed in disgrace.

Galloping Through a Royal Dinner.

A royal dinner is not altogether a joyous and festive affair if one may trust the report of an English periodical, which states that there is always a little more conversation than usual at the royal dinner table when Lord Salisbury is present, as he is a great favorite with the queen, but who visitors to Windsor are always as taciturn as possible when dining with her majesty, as the dinner is galloped through at such a rate that anything beyond monosyllables involves the risk of having a plate whipped off by a too attentive footman, and finding in some forty minutes or so from the advent of the soup that one has only enjoyed a sort of repastable feast.

A Story of a Horse.
A gentleman living near here tells me a beautiful story of his horse. A few days since, as he was leaving his residence, a horse that he owned galloped up and caught his arm and made an attempt to pull him in a special direction. Trying this for a while he galloped off quickly toward a pasture a quarter of a mile away. Then he came back again, calling urgently and evidently desiring something very much. The man followed him, and when he had reached the pasture found the mate of the horse entangled in a broken bridge. When the animal was liberated the one who had called the gentleman came up to him and gently rubbed him with his head and looked his last look at him. Gentleman and gratitude and carefulness for others is characteristic of the higher animals, and occasionally of the birds and fowls. Indeed, I believe that the animals frequently deserve the epithet gentleman or gentlewoman more than human folk do.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Montana Potatoes.

There are no such potatoes in the world as are grown in Montana. They attain prodigious size, and often weigh three, four or five pounds apiece. Eighteen such potatoes make a bushel. To the taste they are like a new vegetable. The larger ones are mostly, but the smaller ones are like sacks of meal. When the skin is broken the meat falls out like flour. It must very soon become the pride of every steward in the first grade hotels, restaurants and clubs of the cities here, and even in Europe, to prepare those delicious vegetables for those who enjoy good living. As these potatoes of the choicest quality can be cultivated in all of the valleys east of the Rocky mountains there will soon be no lack of them. Today the only ones that have left the state have been the few bushels sent to gourmets in New York, Washington and San Francisco.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition, viz: you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We would not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at White & White's drug store, Large size 50c and \$1.00.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Peck Bros., druggists, corner Monroe and Division-sts.

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electro-Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant; it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of stomach, liver or kidney. It will cure sick headache, indigestion, constipation and drive malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Peck Bros.

At your resort or on a tour your pleasure cannot be complete without one of A. J. Shellman's fine imported field and marine glasses. Call at 65 Monroe and look them over. Prices below competition.

Do not confuse the famous Blush of Roses with the many worthless patent powders, creams and bleaches which are flooding the market. For sale by White & White, 70 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will remove your pimples, freckles, blackheads, moths, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion.

-Now is-

-Your Blood?-

I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and a half bottles of S.S.S. Other blood medicines had failed. I was cured. WILL C. HEATY, Yonkers, N.Y.

I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of Tetter, and three bottles of S.S.S. cured me permanently. WALLACE HARRIS, Monticello, N.Y.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. WHITE & WHITE CO., ALBANY, N.Y.

None Such Mince Meat
Makes an every-day convenience of an old-time luxury. Pure and wholesome. Prepared with scrupulous care. Highest award at all Pure Food Expositions. Each package makes two large pies. Avoid imitations—and insist on having the NONE SUCH brand. MERRELL & SOULE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

FREE-TO-MEN.
When you get tired of the "doctor" with their pills and powders, write to us and I will send you (FREE) a prescription that will quickly and permanently cure you. No matter what your ailment, no matter how long you have been suffering from it, no matter how many doctors you have consulted, no matter how much you have spent, we will cure you when everything else fails. Address A. B. DODGE, Box 60, ALBANY, N.Y.

THE SELF-RESTORER
FREE
To every man, young, middle-aged, and old, who is afflicted with any of the following ailments, we will send you (FREE) a prescription that will quickly and permanently cure you. No matter what your ailment, no matter how long you have been suffering from it, no matter how many doctors you have consulted, no matter how much you have spent, we will cure you when everything else fails. Address A. B. DODGE, Box 60, ALBANY, N.Y.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



HEART DISEASE!

Statistics show that one in four has a weak or diseased heart. The first symptoms are short breath, oppression, fluttering, faint and dizzy spells, nervousness, sleeplessness, swelling ankles, dropsy (and death) for which DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE is a sure remedy. It has been tried with heart disease for years, and left pulse was very weak, could not stand on feet, the smallest exertion would always weaken my nerves and heart and a fear of impending death started me in the face of J. H. MILES' NEW HEART CURE. For sale by Peck Bros., druggists, corner Monroe and Division-sts.

DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

POND'S EXTRACT

Should be, like a

WEDDING RING

Always on hand. You can't tell when you will most want it—the POND'S EXTRACT—and you had better have it ready. Use it freely in all cases of WOUNDS, BRUISES, CUTS, CONTUSIONS, LACERATIONS, for HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, RABIES, INFLAMED EYES, SORE FEET, LAME MUSCLES, also for SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, wherever you have PAIN and whenever INFLAMMATION exists, and you will quickly find that you have saved a great deal of pain. Did you ever try

POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT?

It is wonderful how well it acts in all cases where an ointment is applicable. It is a remarkable cure for PILES. Only 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

Take no substitutes for these goods. Manufactured solely by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubets and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same disease without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DRUNKENNESS

On the Bizarre Habit Positively Cured. It can be given to a man or a woman, without the knowledge of the patient. It is a powerful agent, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or a confirmed drunkard. It has been given to over 100,000 persons, and in every case it has given the patient a new lease of life. It has been given to over 100,000 persons, and in every case it has given the patient a new lease of life. It has been given to over 100,000 persons, and in every case it has given the patient a new lease of life.

A SHOE WITH A RECORD!

Made for Ladies, Gents, Boys and Girls. All styles, fine and medium grades. Guaranteed to last. Free of charge. Send for a pair of shoes for boys, ladies and girls's shoes.

PINGREE & SMITH.

Pure spring water delivered at your door for 5c per gallon by Crystal Water company. Telephone 918.

HARCOURT'S

Kenyon Military Academy. Kenyon, O. This old and respected institution has been prepared for the education of young men. It is a complete school, with all the modern appliances. It is a complete school, with all the modern appliances. It is a complete school, with all the modern appliances.

PECK'S DRUG STORE
PRESCRIPTION
DEPARTMENT.

We put up 20,000 prescriptions per year.

We pay no commissions and extend no favors.

We appreciate the patronage of all physicians; but the only compensation we have to offer is "good work." Medicines are delivered to any part of the city by errand boys. No ostentation or show being employed in this part of the business.

PECK'S DRUG STORE.

EDL. GILL
LIVERY
AND
BOARDING STABLE

Stand 45 North Division Street.

BROUGHAMS, COACHES, CABRIOLETS, WAGONS.

A very fine three-seated buckboard made by Chas. Dawson just added to stock.

SO WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS A SPECIALTY.

Telephone 475.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY!

Why don't all shoe manufacturers stamp their names on the shoes they make and guarantee them to give proper service? Simply because they cheapen them by using Shoddy and Inferior Stock to save a few cents per pair, leaving the consumer to take chances of their breaking after a short time.

For over a quarter of a Century

We have been devoting our energies to making durable and artistic Foot Wear at reasonable prices, and have a standing offer of \$1,000.00 REWARD for shoddy or spurious leather of any kind found in any shoe of our manufacture. Ten to twenty-five cents per pair in a small amount to have in purchasing a pair of shoes and take care to see that you get the genuine article. We will be a source of real satisfaction.

Nothing Adds More to the Appearance of a Well Dressed Person

than a well-made, properly fitted shoe, for, as Thackeray well said, "Poverty starts at the extremities." Since the beginning of our firm in 1868, our earnest partner,

H. S. PINGREE,

has had supervision of the entire business, and from a small start it has increased to one of the largest in the Western main east.